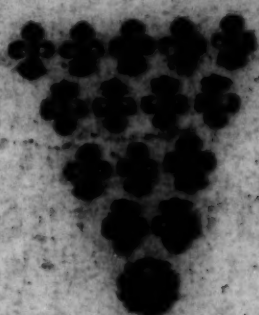


THE
DISSERTATOR
IN
BURLESQUE



LONDON,

Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Post-
house in the Middle-Temple Gate,
Fleet-street. M. DCCL.

2.

THE
DISSERTATOR
IN
BURLESCUE.



LONDON,
Printed for Bernard Minton, at the Half-
house in the Middle-Temple Gate,
Fleet-Street. M.DCC.I.

All and Singular,

THE

MASTERS

OF THE

Houses of Correction, &c.

Gentlemen,

I Do not recollect that ever I saw a
Dedication to All, or any of you
before; And yet there seems suffici-

A 2

ent

Epistle Dedicatory.

ent occasion for it, when a Man considers how many whipping Books of various kinds, come forth every Term. *Ecclesiasticks, Physicians, Poets*, and of late, great numbers of *Criticks*, are continually playing the Parts of your Deputies, one against another. Nay, every one of these out do them, and lash much harder. For, (whether the Fault lies, in You, or your *Knaves*,) it is shamefully known to be true; that if the Criminal sent to you, to receive your Correction, (tho' never so Statutable a Rogue and deserving it) has but a little Money in his Pocket to Bribe withal; His Stripes shall be very gentle, and scarce felt as a Flea-bite; it would be much more excusable, if this compassion of yours, was extended only to the poor Female Sinners, who are sent to you by your severe Magistrates,

Epistle Dedicatory.

strates, for the Punishment of the Sins of their Flesh only : When in the Church of Rome, the Priest himself reserves that Discipline for his own Administration.

Well, Gentlemen ! All my present Business is, in short to acquaint you (and pray let the Candid Reader know the same) that the following *Dissertation in Burlesque*, is design'd for the Correction of several different Qualities and Qualifications, who never came under your Lash. If it makes No-body skip, it will be some disappointment to the Author, tho' not to grieve him abundantly ; who while he pretends to Correct others Faults, he confesses he has committed several of his own ; and some that he could not easily mend, tho' He knew of them : But he will not tell

Epistle Dedicatory.

what they are, let the Reader find them out if he can. The Author is so stout, all he thinks fit to acknowledge is, That in too many places it is not *Dog'rel* enough. But that is most, where the Subject requires a sharper Instrument than a *Dog-Whip*.

Various are the Ways and Means made use of for the mending Men's Manners. For beside your Whips, and all other Sorts of Rods of Correction, that are apply'd to the *Outward Man*; there are other-fashion'd Scourges for the *Inward*, as *Books* of divers kinds, for that purpose. Not only *Sermons*, and serious Religious Discourses, to terrifie and persuade Men from doing Mischief to themselves, or others: But *Tragedy*, *Comedy*, *Satyr*, and *Burlesque*, should all
tend

Epistle Dedicatory.

tend to the same End, (*viz.*) to fright, expose, chide, or laugh Man out of his Vanities, and all the Varieties of his Fooleries and Rogueries.

Wherever the Reader may think the following Lines want Wit, he'll find that abundantly made up in Truth, which is a great deal better.

So farewell, Gentlemen, and give me leave to close with what the Author of the *Maccabees* says of Prefaces, *viz.* *It is a foolish thing to make a long Prologue, and be short in the Story it self.*

Epistle Dedicatory

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res, viz. It is a foolish thing to make a
long Prologue, and be short in the
Story it self.

THE
DISSERTATOR
IN
BURLESQUE.

ARGUMENT.

THE Dog'rel Dissertator *shews us,*
How Modern Poets fool their Muses.
How Criticks swarm, and how they Puzzle
Each other with impertinent Fuzzle.
How Whigg and Tory's Sons and Heirs,
Behave themselves these latter Years;
And Jack with Lanthorn and false Light,
Misleads the Grumbletonian Wight.

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

(ding,
S Ince all the World plays the Jack Pud-
 To put a Cap with Bells or Hood, on
 The Noddle of Grave Dissertator,
 May look an Object of our Laughter,
 Yet, us at the same time may learn,
 A Hawk, from a Hand-saw to discern
 More certainly than one can gather
 From such a sort of Learned Author,
 Who construes in his Histories,
 Eligere to Recognize.
 So Wit and Learning, when at odds,
 Keep far asunder their abodes:
 And Wisdom stands at greater distance,
 While neither seek for her Assistance.

Which

PROLOGUE.

*Which frequent Fowls are little known,
To many a Volume-searching Drone;
Who for Reward of his great Pains,
Much Knowledge of small use obtains.*

*Tho' Bays his Reasoning in Verse,
Was all in soft Pentameters; 20
Yet the rough Dog' rel Tetraſtich,
Claims equal privilege of Speech;
And ſtutters things as well worth while,
As others in a poliſht Style.*

*Andrew on Stage, who plays the Fool,
And turns all into Ridicule;
Tells fewer lies, (tho' Tongue run faſter)
Than the Grave Mountebank his Maſter.
Why mayn't a Man when he ſpeaks Truth,
Look merrily about the Mouth? 30*

*Which is enough (not to foreſtall us)
To ſerve for Prologue to what follows.*

CANTO.

C A N T O.

TH O' Fashions in Apparel change,
 A Body can't but think it strange;
 That almost ev'ry Year there is
 New Modes, in Arts and Sciences;
 New cutts of Languages, and Speeches,
 As well as of our Coats, and Breeches:
 And leaving off of Verbs, and Nouns,
 Like old *Trunk Hose*, and *Pantaloons*! 40
 Old Mother Tongue, new Dresses load,
 Disguis'd in topping high Commode:
 As if a Swan Society,
 Reverse to that in *Germany*;
 Of late had been establish't here,
 To as much purpose as that there.

Spencer

in Burlesque.

5

Spencer one word would never lose,

Which to his *Grannum* was of use.

Our modern Rhymes grow out of thought;

And Poets sing, they know not what. 50

Now smooth Words, and soft sounding Verse,

Are made to tinkle in our Ears,

And the *Bein Tourn* of small Conceit,

Supplies its want of Strength and Wit.

We make a Noise and keep a Coyle,

About our Language and our Style;

When by refining of it more,

We're come to lose at last the Oar :

And Sense we steal from *Greece* and *Rome*,

For want of having it at Home. 60

The bold Translators now a-days,

From their own Authors tear the Bays;

Find fault, and labour hard to mend,

That which they cannot comprehend;

And

And tho' the meaning far from theirs is,

'Tis given in pretty *English* Verses.

'Twould almost make a Blind man stare,

And ev'n provoke a Saint to swear,

That wanton *Naso* soft in pace,

And *Maro* with his Manly Grace; 70

Rough *Juvenal* severe in chiding,

Flaccus as pleasant in deriding;

When done in *English* Verse we find

Them all alike, for the same kind.

And the most Learned in our Speech,

By that can't tell us which is which.

Composing, said to be so Noble,

Is wrought off-hand with no great trouble:

Let Poets make their Stile but pure,

Their Words run soft, and I'll secure, 80

That monstrous Inconsistences,

Shall go down well enough, and please.

Fair

Fair Lady's Face on Fish below,
 Or set the Head of Powder'd Bean,
 Upon a Horse's Neck and Shoulders,
 Tho' a foul sight to the Beholders;
 Which *Horace* calls ridiculous,
 Could not be much amiss to us:
 When flowing numbers, *Verse Polite*,
 Is labour'd to describe a fight,
 Betwixt *Apothecaries* Boys
 Engaging with *Heroic* noise;
 Their Colours, Aprons blue display'd,
 Their Ammunition, Drugs decay'd;
 With Phyal broke, and Gally-pot,
 Instead of Gunpowder and Shot:
 Are the dire Warlike Armsthey carry,
 So sung in famous *Dispensary*,
 Which in the *Canto* following Sings,
 The praises of the best of Kings.

Epic Barlesque, and Satyr seen
Dancing ith' same Heroic mein,
Laughter at once affords, and loathing,
Like *Shakespeare's* Tincture in Lord's cloathing,
No Writers ought to be more Cautious,
Tho' none more often Vain, and Nauseous,
False, and Impertinent, than those,
Who the Grave Epitaphs compose:
Relating Deeds of the deceas't,
Of which the party, knew the least.
For many a Coward, Fool, and Knave,
Tombstone calls, valiant, Wise, and Brave;
And One who liv'd a Rascal by us,
By that's recorded Good and pious.
When Stones are Silence made to break,
'Tis hard, if Truth they cannot speak.
Short merry Madrigals and Sonnets,
Tun'd to the Horr.-pipes of B'ew Bonnets,

Divert us, and are not so Cramp,
As some that favour of the Lamp. 120
That cost more pains, and spend more Oil.
Our Manners not to mend but Spoil!

Dame Comedy, so Fine in Dress,
Set forth with Paint, and Artifice,
Appears on Stage in her Lac'd Smocks,
Yet oft, in filthy Dirty Socks.

Honour makes Cuckolds all a-row,
And 'scapes without his Lungs ran thro',
Not only so, but meets Reward,
As Man of Merit, and that's hard. 130

The Knave should have been sent to *Bridewell*,
Where they'd have finely Firk't his side well.

If Comedy don't mend her Speech,
There's Rods in Piss laid for her Breech;
She's justly claw'd for Misdemeanour,
Unless she keep her self much Cleaner.

Don Carbonaro's lately come,
 From Court, *St. Germain's*, or from *Rome*,
 With full Authority, and Power,
 Her Jacket, (not alone) to Scower. 140

But every Mirrour break to pieces,
 Which shews what in the Priest amiss is.
 Tho' it looks foul, and most unequal,
 We must be silent, and they speak all;
 Methinks a Man may fairly Jest,
 Upon a Coxcomb of a Priest:
 And on the Fool, and Knave Reflect,
 Yet use the Order with Respect.

This *Don* claims privilege to mawl,
Decimus Junius Juvenal. 150

Tho' deem'd for Sixteen Centuries,
 The Scourge of gross Enormities;
 By New Reformer, most Precise,
 He stands Condemn'd, for Fost'ring Vice.

'Tis well this *Jerry* dares not speak ill,
Of the Good Prophet's Book *Ezekiel*.

He who pronounces *Absolution*,
To Men who die with Hoses and Sholes on,
For the worst Crimes, and n'ere abhor 'em,
Or say that they are sorry for 'em ; 160
May make pretence for th' Good, o'th' Nation,
To forward Godly Reformation ;
But few Men but will esteem him fitter,
Than either *Hugh*, or Father *Petre* :
And, tho' He can't for Quaker pass,
He may for *Rattle Snake* i'th' *Grafs*.

The *Buskin* which should tread Step stately
It's *Hero* plays in Cringes lately ;
Grows dayly more and more inclining,
To everlasting Love, and Whining. 170
When the poor thing has gone it's Course,
Thro' all the Crosses of Amours :

And nothing's left to bring Relief,
 But Death, which ends all human Grief.
 That the despairing fainting Wretch,
 May make the softer Dying Speech,
 And more the Auditory Strike,
 'Tis fit it should be something Like;
 E're the Chop fall, takes the cold *Tulip*,
 Of Simily---Like some Fair *Tulip*--- 180
 Expiring says-- Now stiff I grow,
 Just, as your cooling Mettals do,
 Farewell my Dear---And then as Mild
 It dy's, as any Sucking Child.
Tragædy's taught, so to delight us,
 That 'tis almost afraid, to fright us.
 So Gentle *Shakespear* some cry down,
 For his *Raw-head* and *Bloody-Bone*,
 For Writing Plays without the Rules,
 Prescrib'd in the *Dramatick* Schools; 190

Without

Without the Leading-Strings of *Chorus*,
In Infant Times us'd long before us,
Sad Tales most Nat'rally do flow,
(Thought He) from him who feels the Woe.

Had *Shakespear* Brains equal in Noddle,
With *Sophocles*, or *Aristotle*,
Can naked Nature, Play its Part,
'Gainst Two such old Masters of Art ;
Who with tough Arguments Fence huge well,
As the fam'd *Tirreweſt* with tough Cudgel, 200
For he and they were taught, and Bred,
In different ways to break the Head.

Who can approve of Mordern Criticks
Without confounding Analyticks?
Or from a Subject think to Educate,
With Contradictions in the Prædicate?
And here a dextrous Artist, wou'd
Produce some quaint Similitude,

Which might all Difficulties frustrate,
And that which follows more illustrate. 210

As two Horn'd-Bulls——hold, have a care,
On second Thoughts, it won't go there.

As Combatants, who enter Lists,
(That is, Men-Combatants, not Beasts)

Their Persons willingly expose

For others Sport----(Ay, there it go's)

While the vain glorious Gladiators,

Afford Diversion to Spectators ;

All that themselves propose to get

Thereby, is but a broken Pate : 220

So Criticks mount upon the Stage,

And with the Quill of Goose engage

In Eager Fight, and fierce Contest,

For what is no Man's Interest.

Whether the Moderns, or the Auntians

To Learning had the best Pretensions,

in Burlesque.

15

Is such a Knowledge, that small profit,
Could we attain it, would come off it.

But 'tis impossible to found,

What they have lost, and we not found. 230

And He dese ryes to lose his Brains,

Who Hunts to Catch Impertinence;

Who beats beside All paths, and Ways,

Only to make the Wild Goose-chace

To grow (after the *Italian Motto*),

Round as the Circle of *Giotto*.

Such is the Quest of them who seek

(When fearfully o'rerun with *Greek*)

To build a Credit of their own,

By pulling of another's down. 240

'Tis a Sad case when Things have stood,

Above two thousand Years for Good,

To have 'em thrown from their Foundations,

Not with Strong battering Allegations,

B 4

But

But with the Sounding Horn, Tantwivy
Of Majesterial ΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΦΗ.

Some will have *Phalaris* the Tyrant,

Because such sort of Kings *Delirant*,

And love to bring Men to their Whistles,

Not capable to Write Epistles.

250

And those so Elegant, and curious,

And long call'd his must now be *Spurious*.

But what's a bolder undertaking,

More Mortifying, and Heart-breaking;

These cross-gain'd Criticks will maintain,

That *Aesop* was a handsome Man;

And without Fear or Wit, they tell ye,

That he had nothing of Gorbelly;

No Leggs indented with a Crump,

Nor on his Back that frightful Hump;

260

His Nose not flat, nor Nostrils Wide,

Nor (as they paint him,) Goggle-Ey'd.

But

But finely shap't, and Beautiful,
So much a *Beau*, that in his Skull,
His Brains were not enough, nor able
For the Composing of one *Fable*.

And the chief proof, that's brought for this,
His fellow Slave, Fair *Rhodopis*,
Did for a famous Beauty go,
And therefore *Aesop* must be so : 270

Now I should think he was the Uglier,
Cause Master wou'd n't have him smuggle her.
For *Xanthus* was secure thereby,
The more from Fear, and Jealousie.

Here, since we have it in Commission,
We'll make a scampering Transition.
Those two Words, *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Our Muskets scower, our Bandiliers,
Swords, Pikes, and Bayonets prepare,
And all dire Instruments of War. 280

Scarcely

Scarcely our Alphabet affords,
Two other such Mischievous words.

No longer therefore shall we treat,
Of Worms in Books, that Pages eat ;
But to another sort of Canker,
More Venemous and full of Rancour ;
Whose breath much bitterer than Gall is,
With Envy, Hatred, Wrath, and Malice ;
Who fills himself with discontent,

By gnawing at the Government : 290

By aggravating what's amiss,
And crying out on Greviances,
Because he is not now in Power
To Play the Knave as heretofore.

There was a time, not out of mind,
When there were Princes who design'd
To make their Subjects very lewd,
Instead of having of them good :

And

And by destroying of their Morals,
Fit them for any Scurvey Quarrels. 300
Those whose Allegiance knew no Measures,
But that of Monarchs Will, and Pleasures,
In all things to be gratify'd,
And put controlling Laws aside,
Were *Tori's* call'd, from *Irish* Rogues,
Who *Rob*, and *Kill*, and *Trot* o're Boggs,
Those who to these were Opposites,
And for Maintaining of their Rights,
Against the violent Invaders
Of Property, and All State Padders, 310
Were call'd the *Whiggs*, a certain name,
Which from *Scotch* Conventiclers came;
Who carry'd with them such provant,
Because their Spirits should not Faint;
For when the Body wants it's Bread,
The Soul is ne'er the better Fed.

In *Distich* short, to lay before you,
 The difference true, 'twixt *Whigg* and *Tory*;
Whigg was for *Kings* to Rule by Law,
 Which *Tory* valu'd not a Straw. 329

These two liv'd in continual Squabble,
 With words hard and Uncharitable,
 And tho' by Turns they'd Huff, and Swagger,
 They never came to draw the Dagger ;
 For like two Buckets at a Well,
 As the One mounted, t'other fell.
 But *Whigg* came oft'nest to the Ground,
 Till He by Fortunate rebound,
 And a strong Friendly Arm, was tost
 On High, has since got uppermost. 330
 Then in Experience (the Fools Mirror,)
 The Wiser *Tory*, saw his Error :
 The Wilful, Foolish, and more Spight-
 Full *Tory* Spawn'd the *Jacobite* ;

Who

Who shall hereafter, for the sake
Of Brevity, be call'd the *Jac*.
Some *Whiggs*, so wonted to contest,
Could not Compose themselves to Rest.

As Vinegar from Wine do's come,
So these (turn'd sowre) produc'd the *Gram*. 346

Who fault in all affairs do's find,
Which are not manag'd to his Mind ;

Pretends to wish his Country well,
But ask him how ? he cannot tell ;

Nor for his Blood can be at ease,
Either in Times of War or Peace.

The Fathers of these *Bully Rocks*,
Betray'd their Stomachs, by their Looks ;

When 'ere they met, the one would scowl,
And mutter to himself and growl ; 350

T'other would give his Head a Toss,
And cock his Hat, and turn up's Nose,

But

But *Jac* and *Grum*, at Hedge and Style
 Can meet, and on each other Smile;
 Their Faces show so much Fair Weather,
 As if their Horses stood together.
 But e're we further make Remarks,
 On the Behaviour of these Sparks,
 Twere not amiss in short to take,
 The History of Unfort'nate *Jac*. 360
 In Sixteen hundred eighty eight,
 The Tiny Rogue would hardly Prate;
 Tho' few Months after, very young
 It found th' abuse of Mother Tongue :
 And e're the Year was gone about,
 His Teeth like Lyons Whelps hang out ;
 With which he quickly learn't to Bite,
 And with his hands to Scratch and Fight,
 But still like other Wretched, Wayward,
 Unlucky Knaves, he came by th' Leeward. 370

Baffled in all his Enterprizes.
 Confounded in his fly Devices,
 And caught in his own Traps, when he
 No sooner out o'th Pillorye,
 But up to th' Ears afresh was got in
 Against the Government a Plotting.
 Whom others Sufferings could not scare,
 Nor his own harms make to beware;

When *Jac* was at the University,
 Where never is of *Latin* Scarcity,
 He for his Share as much did get,
 As we call *Quantum Sufficit* :
 And therefore had no cause to grutch
 At others with ten times as much,
 Who kept it for their private use,
 When *Jac* of his was more profuse;
 And made much noise with't on Occasion
 Which gave him not the least Temptation.

Having

Having got perfectly by Heart,
 All the Mischievous Terms of Art,
 And School Distinctions which have Cut,
 Of many a thousand Wretch, the Throat.
 Of Lives how numberless the loss was
 Betwixt *Homo* and *Homoiousios* :
 And our *Jac* thought no little Slaughter,
 His fine distinction would have wrought her,
 (When Seconded with Civil Fury,)
 Of *Rex de Facto* and *de Jure*.
 From whence, 'tis easie seen what good is,
 To be expected from his Sudies.

Some time he spent at Inns of Court,
 With making of the Laws his Sport ;
 For finding they were call'd the Kings,
 As also several other things ;
 The Kings High Way, his Coin, his Peace,
 So then (says *Jac*) 'tis a plain Case,

The

The Subject may pretend a Right
There to but 'tis not Worth a *Doit*.
Our Children, Wives, and All are *Cesar's*,
To be subjected to his Pleasures. 410

It seems his *Cesars* thought so too,
Who claiming more than was his due,
Lost All, which made him once again,
For Ay, to cross the Briny Main.

Yet great Expectances had *Jac*,
Few Years ago, to bring him back.

When first came his Effigies,
In curious Cut, from out the Press;
With choice, Consoling *Motto's* Crown'd,
And cheering Sentences hung Round, 420

Such as bespoke a Comfort Double,
That should Reward him for his Trouble.

As Palm deprest arises higher,
And Gold refin'd comes from the Fire,

So having now lain long enough
 In sharp Afflictions powd'ring Trough,
 It is but Consonant to Reason,
 He must come forth the more in Season.

While *Jac* with these his Spirits cheers,
 Like *Hudibras* with ends of Verse, 430
 And other Accidents, blew up
 And fill'd the Bladder of his hope.
 By adverse Fortunes Counter blast,
 Down on a Sudden all was cast ;
 His hopes, and his Contrivances
 Sunk to the bottom of the Seas.
 At which Unfortunate Disaster,
Jac Look'd as pale as Alabaster ;
 When (as we say) as sure as Gun,
 He thought his business had been done : 440
 Those Friends which on his Errand went,
 To fatten *Mackerels* were sent.

Before

Before this Rueful chance fell out
 Great penny-worths of Goods were bought,
 For which the Purchaser ne're pays,
 Till *Jac's* Designs obtain success:
 And all his Visionary Saints,
 Are fixt in their New Settlements;
 Their Places of Promotion gain'd,
 And Portions in the Promis'd Land : 450
 As they Assurances receive,
 From Shrine of good Saint *Genevieve*.

By this time one would think that *Jac*
 Was fairly thrown upon his Back;
 And all Attempts, foolish and vain,
 To rise, knit Fist, and Cuff again.
 But with fresh fury up he 'rose,
 As if he'd taken double dose
 Of *Dutra*, he grew more unluckly,
 And ran as Mad, as an *Amonki*;

King-killing look't an Action Glorious,
It's Eyes, and Murder Meritorious ;
Nothing (thought he) deserved so great
Reward as to Assassinate.

That shedding of his Prince's Blood,
Was to advance the publick Good :
And the best Methods to reclaim,
His fellow Subjects was to slay 'em. (quicker
These Hair-brain'd Frolicks brought him
To's Night-cap, and sing *Psalm* with *Vicar* 470
Which had been 's End, but that too soon,
Before quite dead he was cut down ;
When using various Chafing Arts,
With blowing Wind in nether Parts,
Reviv'd him that to life he came,
Tho' he ne're after own'd his Name.
Nor Easily was he to be known,
From Phyz's Alteration.

Which

Which (if consider'd) is not strange,
To have it after hanging change. 486

For there's no question, but a Halter,
Will Motions of the Muscles alter.

As Sinner just fresh cur'd of Pox,
By Pills of Turpentine, and Flux,
Looks young, and smoother for't and fine,
As if he'd newly cast his Skin :

Takes care t' avod that flaming Mistrefs,
Which brought him in to so much distress,
But if fresh Fair one by him Frisque,
Ventures to run the self same Risque ; 490

So Jac with Fairer face, or *Vizard*,
Conceals the Grumbling in his Gizzard.

And with a Smiling Countenance,
Looks now, contrary way to *France* ;

For he resented it but ill,
Sh' agreed to Peace against his will,

And nothing's more *Antipodes*
 To him and his Designs, than Peace,
 Which to disturb he changes Note,
 Sets up for Countries *Patriot*;
 Works with great Diligence and Labour,
 To Disaffect his honest Neighbour;
 Who (if of Forty Shillings Land
Per Annum) Shakes him by the Hand,
 Promises kindnesses, and plies
 The Wretch with Pots of Drink, and ly's;
 Tells him deplorable our case is,
 And calls to Naught, all in Court Places,
 All Government it self meer Cheating,
 Excepting such as he would get in;
 And then turns up his Eyes, and shakes his
 Head, and crys we're undone by Taxes.
 But not a word How he and's Masters,
 Occasion'd these corroding Plaisters,

And that we now but Pay the Scrit,
Which they set us on Tick before.

So poor Freeholder's led aside,
By fair pretences of false Guide,
And seems in Trouble and Perplexion,
Which ways to Vote the next Election. 520
For Master *Grum* had fill'd his Ears,
With such like Jealousies and Fears;
And He his Neighbours Frets, and Vexes,
With talk of Courtiers, Guards, and Taxes.

When Courtiers, made by Kings unruly,
Mean't Mischief to their Country truly;
And Guards Supported, and Maintain'd,
Till that Material point was Gain'd,
And Taxes (given for better uses) 530
Apply'd to Work the same abuses;
There was not half the Noise and Clamour,
Against the real Misdeameanour.

But since all three have been apply'd,
 To th' benefit of Countries side,
 And fav'd our Liberties, and Rights,
 We're full of Discontents and Frights.
 As if worse Mischief was a brewing,
 Than when we were o'th' brinks of ruin.
 And *Jac* and *Grum* would have us think
 Because they Stir, they make no stink: 440
 When most ill Savours come from those
 Whose Fingers first are at their Nose.

Man's strange Opinions and Perswasions,
 Confound all *Ratiocinations*;
 For 'tis beyond the power of that,
 To tell us what they would be at;
 Our thoughts are put upon the Tenter,
 To judge where some strange humours Center.
 What Whimsi's, and what Frenzi's lead 'em,
 Who Bondage do prefer to Freedom. 550

That

That Doctrines amongst Men, should find,
Reception, which destroy'd Mankind.

As if impartial equal Justice,
Was done on Bed of fam'd *Procrustes*.

Notions thus dreadful and affrighting,
Jac, would persuade us he's the right in;

Teaching the People ought to be
Nurtur'd betimes in Slavery.

And Burthens early taught to bear,
Like those of Tribe of *Issachar*.

Left if they'r not kept under Slaves,
They grow, like such their Masters Knaves.

Since some there are, who will run after all,
Opinions Wild, and most Unnatural,
The Wonder cease's if we Note there is,
To this some Profelites, and Votaries.

And since *Humanum est Errare*,
Women as well as Men Miscarry.

Of different Qualities and Ages, (Hedges. 570)
 They'll break their Mounds, and leap o're
 And lose by Night and Day their Ways,
 In Pride and Follies endless Maze.

Some Matrons Grave, tho' not bestriden
 In Literal Sense, yet long Priest-ridden;
 And taught whatever they enjoin 'em,
 To have the Force of *Jus Divinum*.
 Whose Faith and Works, Profits and Pleasures
 Receive the Standards and the Measures,
 And Rules, to them and all their House,
 And Priest approves or disallows; 580
 Are easily taught to pray with *Bead*,
 And learn the *Jacobitish Creed*.
 In whose esteem no *Bramin's* Holier,
 Than Father C---k and Sn-t, and C---ll-r.
 For they can pardon like a *Pope*,
 Him who has round his Neck a *Rope*;

And

And, *Maugre* Disabilities,
 They lay such claim to *Pater's Keys*,
 That here and there a silly Goose,
 Believe they've Power to bind, and loose.

Beside these Ladys who are given,
 To seek the crooked Paths to Heaven;
 Another sort, who take no Care,
 At all, about their coming there;
 The pretty Merry Wanton *Belles*,
 Who Love and Laugh and something else;
 Are strangely zealous, warm and fierce,
Jacobitish Idolaters;
 In hopes to fortifie their *Docks*,
 And Raise the *Traffick* of their *Smocks*;
 To get Establishment and Thrive,
 (For ev'ry thing we say would Live
 At *Rome* these can encrease Revenue
 Of *Holy Father* many a Penny;

Here

Here we the Poor ones Persecute,
 For want of Money to Commute,
 And make them Undergo the Whip,
 While Rich ones thro' the Fingers Slip.

The Great and Formidable Host,
 Of which the *Jacobite* can boast, 619
 Chiefly consists, and most abounds,
 In *Cassocks*, *Petticoats*, and *Gowns*;
 As for all those, who lye by th' Walls,
 In *Newgate*, and in other *Gaols*,
 And those on High-way Riding thither;
 Their Numbers put them all together;
 But feebly can support that Cause,
 Engag'd to Fight with other Laws.
 It shan't be long before I've done;
 One Evening by the Light o'th' Moon, 620
Jac Meets with *Grum*, and while they Prate,
 After their Foolish, following Rate;

Roland

Roland unseen was got so near 'em;
That he could very easily hear 'em.
Bon Jour, says Jac, we fear no Dangers;
When honest Neighbours, are not strangers.
There was a time, when you an I,
Have look't on one another Shy,
Must be confest but now our Ends,
Are both the same, we should be Friends, 630
Faithful, Affectionate, and True,
Since Both our Country's Good Pursue.
With all my heart (says Grum) I Judge,
To bear an Everlasting Grudge,
's Uncharitable, and Uncivil,
And makes a Man of kin to th' Devil.
I love My Estate, but would Secure it;
Without such Swinging Summs t' Ensure it.
Ay, Right (Quoth Jac) I vow and Swear,
Since Matters go against the Hair, 640

It Joys the Cockles of my Heart,
 You feel, as well as I, the Smart,
 And by Detachment of the Chink,
 Grow sensible your Pockets sink:
 Which can not greater Pleasure give ye;
 Nor Profit, for being made less heavy.

Aesop at *Tunbridge* shrewdly tells us,
 In *Fables* choice, what 'tis that ails us:
 The Horse which did Man's aid implore,
 Against an angry Foaming Boar, 650
 Soon found himself in worse Disaster,
 When he had made the Man his Master.
 Which of the *Welshmen* was the Winner,
 After they'd Eat their nasty Dinner?
 And 'twas high time for th' *Ass* to Speak,
 When his back ready was to break.
 Beyond them all, that Roguish *Fable*
 Of the Hare and Farmer's admirable;

The Fool to drive away poor Puss,
Which was a little Mischievous,
Calls Neighbour Squire, with Horse & Hounds,
Who made such Havock in his Grounds,
That he soon found, when past Redress,
The Remedy worse than the Disease.
Hold there (says Grim) you can't say so,
For Every Shallow Brain must know,
The Creature which you call a Hare,
Was nothing like it, but in Fear.
Tygers and Wolves, and Beasts of Prey,
At least ought to be Chac'd away. 670

Well well, (said Jee) in manner Jestings,
That matter's not worth our Contesting.
I'm sure you're one of so much of Reason,
To disapprove of all Oppression;
To lend your helping hand to drive hence,
Whatever's an Apparent Grievance;

And

And I dare say (without Objection)
 You'll Vote as I do next Election.
 'Tis possible I may, (Quoth *Grim*)
 Tho' no Disparagement to some.
 I'll Vote for none in Court Preferments,
 Nor no well wisher to *St. Germain's*.
 They must be very weak, and Dream,
 (Says *Jas*) who play so lost a Game;
 Wisdom would teach us to withstand
 Harms, rather from another Hand;
 And if their Reason be for fears,
 And Jealousies, from Foreigners:
 Why should we think that Neighbour *Hans*,
 Will prove a truer Friend than *France*?
 That the chief Rival of our Traffick,
 Should help our Trade, is too *Seraphick*
 A thought for me to Entertain.

Your Humb'le Servant Gentlemen,

Crys

(Crys *Roland*,) why d'you talk so loud?

E're since you met, here have I stood ;

And being oblig'd as 'twere by Force,

To over-hear your Wise Discourse ;

Think it high time to intermix,

A little with your Politicks:

700

And by a fresh Confabulation,

Make Tripartite the Dissertation.

Uneasie Master *Gram*, who feed,

Eternal Troubles in your Head ;

About Fictitious Grievances,

And what you fancies much amiss,

stand still, and let me ask you what

You'd have ? to name it, you know not.

I fain would spare thee, and the rather,

Forth' sake of honest *Whigg* your Father. 710

But as for you, Monsieur *Le Jac*,

Who cry to th' *Mill* with t'other *Sack* ;

edW

D

Who

Who look one Way, and row another,
 I would not spare thee, if my Brother:
 'Tis wonderful that you pretend,
 To be so much your Country's Friend,
 Who, when it was design'd for Slavery,
 Was known for *Tory* Rory Knavery:
 In all Extravagance to fly out,
 And run to the Excess of Riot.
 The greatest *Innocents* to Worry,
 Out of their Lives, with greatest Fury.
 Leap over *Laws*, and Fetch and Carry,
 As bid by Power Arbitrary.
 And after all in Ninety Six,
 You Play'd the Devil on two Sticks;
 And when your Comrades *Tyburn* Snap't,
 But very Narrowly you Scap't.

Now you're a Wit, and full of Jest,
 Retail'd from *Aesop* and his Beasts,

Who

Who blush to find their Noble Sense is,
Perverted by False Inferences;
Their wholesome Doctrines misapply'd,
By Applications, lowly Wide,
From proper use, which no ways suit,
The honest Meaning of the Brute.
There's not an Ass that *Aesop* Bred,
But better can Instruct thy Head;
Nor ne're a Horse, nor ne're a Mule
He taught, but what would call thee Fool. 740
Sir, (Answers *Jac*) you're very free
In your Discourse, Methinks, with me;
But I may call you to Account,
That you'll not like for this Affront.
No, no, (says *Roland*) you'll forbear,
Look here, I true *Toledo* wear.
'Tis for your Good, to make you Smart
A little more, and then we part.

No Doubt, but he who has your Vote,
 Is, like your self, a *Patriot*,
 Who th' Nations Credit would Support,
 And never Pay a Penny for't.
 Preserve us safe from Foreign Harms,
 Without th' Expence of Men and Arms.
 Perswade us we're in danger much,
 Of being Ruin'd by the *Dutch*;
 But he who puts to Power no bound,
 And Grasps at Kingdoms all around,
 Would spare ours out of meer Affection,
 Or if reduc'd to his Protection;
 We need not fear more Harm to Come,
 Than to's own *Hagonots* at Home.
 And that's a probable Conjecture
 From such a sort of Lord Protector.

'Tis enough to make one Sick, and Spawl
 With overflowing of the Gall;

To

To see what sort of Country Squire;
Sometimes, set up for Knights of Shires;
Of but few Hundred Pounds Estate
By th' Year, and half of that in Debt;
To spend a thousand or two more,
By y'r leave Sir, would be Knight, what for?)
In Pots of Ale, and Rumps of Beef,
Only to cure Freeholder's Grief;
They know you never did inherit,
This New pretended publick Spirit.
Neighbours, you cry I'm one of you,
I have been taught to follow Plough,
And learn't, to handle well a Cow.
All my Design's to give you Ease,
And take off any Tax you please.
As Meat and Liquor Warm'd their Blood,
(Say they) this Man will dous Good.

Beside

Beside He loves the Church full well,
And Damns *Fanatics* all to Hell.

Your Servant, *Jac.* hold ere I go,
I can't forbear to let you know,
(Tho' 'twill be most Unwelcome News,)
Your Friend will his Election lose,
By too much Politicks, and Drink,
Men Strive to raise themselves, and sink.

Mark and attend what comes from me
Bigg, and far gone with Prophecy;
E're thrice Fair *Phoebe* now so bright,
Has lost, and thrice renew'd her Light,
No where shall *Bribery* take place,
Nor Ev'n in *Burroughs* shew it's Face,
No Treating (where we hear a choice is,)
Of any, to pervert their Voices:
No Promises, nor Threatnings Keen,
Nor any After-Pangs, of Spleen.

And

in Banishment.

57

And Ev'ry little *Emissary*,
Who sows *Sedition*, shall *Miscarry*,
Ev'n he some call *Sedition W*—
Who *Writings*, *Pictures* draws, and *Alc*,
To draw aside his honest *Neighbours*,
In vain, shall find his *Faction's Labours*,
The greater *Working Engineers*
Of *Mischief*, All shall hang their *Ears*;
L-ft-ge and *F-eg-f-n* shall *Sneek*
Awhile, till each (grown desp'rate) break,
In *Melancholly Mood* his *Neck*.

EPILOGUE.

T Here's nothing wherein *Mortal Man* deals,
The *Sophists* say, without two *handles*;
Then He's a very happy *Wight*,
Who always lays hold on the *Right* :

The Dissertator

*And far less liable to Err,
Than He who sits in Peter's Chair:
Which can't b^e infallible per Totum,
Because it has a hole at Bottom.
And for a thousand Reasons more,
That Point we never can get o're.
However we (for sake of Peace)
Who is^t Nothern Heresie Profess,
May thus far come to an Agreement,
With him call'd Holy Father Clement;
If he refuses Spanish Gennet,
And will by force of Arms Maintain it;
Bestirre his Sacred Stumps, and Grapples,
To gain his Monarchy of Naples;
This is the time, we can't deny,
But he's iⁿ th^e Right, infallibly.
Let's Grant it, tho' he do's not ask it,
In hopes whereof, we Pin the Basket.*

FINIS.

